

HER PARIS GLOVES

No. 10 Central Park West, New York, Dec. 1, 1902. Diddy Dear—It is a long time since I left Paris. Months and months. Have you forgotten that it was you who promised to write first? Or has some chic Parisian demoielle replaced me in your affection? Oh! Diddy. Do me a favor, then, and I'll forgive you. It is this. Being a boy—I mean a man—you, perhaps, have taken little thought of the difference in price of New York and Paris gloves. In Paris, for example, you pay sometimes for gloves in New York, dollars! Ah! The dear little gauntlets I have many a time bought at the Printemps for one franc fifty. In other words, for thirty-nine cents. And the dear—pardon the pun, I fell into the habit in England, where, as you know, they are the only order of wit—gloves I buy here in New York for two dollars, for three, four, five and six!

screaming, thinking I am fast in jail and handcuffed. But another thing might have happened. Maybe you didn't get my letter. What if the ship went down? They often do, don't they? Especially in midwinter. And my two dollars was with it. And being American bank notes they'll never come up again, and no diver can reach them. They are all soaked out of shape by now, in all probability, or devoured by sharks, those omnivorous monsters that stop at nothing on the menu card in the way of eatables. Isn't that my luck? Silly creature to send those bank notes across the sea in midwinter! If they had been gold, they might have been recovered. Ever since I lived abroad and needed the full worth of my money, I have been in favor of the gold standard. This experience makes me more than ever in favor of it, together with replacing bank notes by coins. If you don't hurry up and ease my mind in regard to those dollars and gloves, Diddy dear, they'll be the death of me. I'll lose my mind about them yet. I really will. Please, therefore, in the interest of humanity, if for no other reason, write as soon as you receive this, alleviate my distress and oblige your affectionate Celeste. P. S.—I didn't mean for you to smoke up all the two dollars in clear cities, dear Diddy, but if you have I hope you saw visions of me in every wreath of the smoke. Yours, Celeste. New York, March 10, 1903. Diddy Dearest—What has become of you? Why don't you write? Have you quite forgotten me? Have you forgotten our good-bye there at the Gare St. Lazare? How we promised to wait for each other? How, when your ship came home, you said you would sail over the seas in it after me? I have never told you, Diddy, but when the train started and I left you standing there on the platform, with your eyes big and sad as sad could be when I had looked at your dear face till I couldn't see it any longer for my tears, I walked up and down in the little compartment and cried like a child. You would have been sorry if you could have seen me. I cried so I couldn't see the shining Seine, nor the tall, slim poplars whirling by, nor the blue skies even. I cried so. Oh! The turn of the wheels, bearing me farther and farther away from you! Oh! My heart-strings stretched and stretched till they almost broke. And when I saw the big white ship that was to put the sea between us I thought my heart would break. Diddy, I thought my heart would break. Then, you never wrote to me afterward. Not a little word. Not a little line! I waited and waited, till I couldn't wait any longer. Even if you had broken your promise and forgotten me, I had to write. I had to write and ease the pain in my heart. This was how it happened that I invented the excuse of the gloves. Never mind the gloves, Diddy. Only write to me. Write! Write! Your loving Celeste. 49 Rue de la Paix, Paris, March 20, 1901. To Mademoiselle Celeste Ewing: Dear Mademoiselle—We have taken the liberty of opening your letter dated December 1, 1900, in order to obtain your address. In it we found the sum of two dollars, inserted for the purchase of two pairs of Paris gloves. We have taken it upon ourselves to buy the gloves, which we sincerely hope will reach you, folded away in an old Paris newspaper, as per request. Trusting that they will be of the correct size and color, we beg to sign ourselves, very respectfully yours, Austin & Rawlinson. P. S.—Under separate cover we return also, two other letters. The young man, Williams Bodsworth, to whom they were addressed, died in the early autumn of typhoid fever. Sincerely, A. & R. —Z. A. Norris, in Illustrated Bits. To Regulate Use of Horses. Although at some quarters it was not taken seriously, the new law proposed some time ago by the Motor World to regulate the use of horses on the highways, license their owners and make them prove their competency and the docility of the animal before being permitted to go upon the public roads, is proving to have acted as some leaven in the lump of prejudice against automobiles and their users. More than one thinking person has come to see that the proposition was not merely a joke, and there is a growing appreciation of the fact that it is the horse and not the automobile that is the offender in highway disturbances.—Motor World. Queer Missouri Names. The monoclature of Missouri towns and streams and localities would indicate from their spelling a very cosmopolitan population, but their pronunciation discloses a homogeneity of people using one language, and that very much "United States." These are instances: Milan (Neyevlan), New Madrid (New Maddrid), St. Francois (Saint Francis), Bois Brule (Bab Rooly), Cote Sans Dessein (Coat Sanderson).—Kansas City Star. London's Lost. Scotland Yard authorities report that 34,000 people were lost in London last year, and much the same number in the preceding year.—Exchange.

OFFICE BOY'S LESSON. One Employer Found His Match and Lost a Boy. In a down town real estate office the boss called up an office boy who was first in line of promotion to a clerk's desk. "Here, John," he said, "is \$50 I want paid at once to Mr. Blank. Be sure to bring the receipt with you." John took the roll of bills handed him by his employer and hurried away. He was obliged to travel to Hadden, and in three hours he came back looking very much upset. But he handled in the receipt all right, and went to his desk. The boss looked at him curiously several times during the day, but said nothing further to him until closing-up time. Then he asked John: "What did Mr. Blank say when you took him that money this morning?" "Nothing," was John's brief response. "Now, John," said the boss, "I want you to tell me the truth. I gave you only \$25, and you brought me back a receipt for \$50. Where did you get the other \$25? I wanted to teach you a lesson before promoting you in handling cash. Never trust any man's word when he hands you a roll of bills. Count your money every time, my boy. I merely wanted to teach you a lesson in business." "You mean did cuss!" shouted John. "I never suspected you of a trick like that. When Mr. Blank counted only \$25 I told him you said it was \$50 when you handed me the roll. He looked at me kind of queer and said, 'What are you going to do about it?' 'Goin' right home to mother,' I says 'an' get the money." "I went home and told mother I'd just one of the five-dollar bills, and she lent me five dollars out of dad's insurance money, which she'd been savin'." When I paid Mr. Blank he says, 'Soney, if ever you want to change your job come to me.' "And I'm going to do it. Please pay me back that five dollars and what's coming to me in wages. You are losing a good office boy and Mr. Blank's getting one. That's where I'm givin' you a lesson in business."—New York Times. "She loved me for all she was worth." Gen. Sherman's Friend. Upon a certain occasion Gen. Sherman was the guest of honor at a banquet, after which a reception was held. Among the line of people who filed in and out to shake hands with the great war hero Gen. Sherman perceived a face that was very familiar, but which he could not place. "Who are you?" he asked in an apologetic aside, as he welcomed the guest heartily. The man blushed and murmured behind a deprecatory hand: "Made your shirts, sir." "Ah, of course," exclaimed the general loudly, turning to the receiving committee behind him. "Gentlemen, allow me to present Major Schurtz."—Lippincott's. Presidential Sacrament. "Are there any objections to the minutes, as read?" asked Mrs. U. May Leedes, president of the Outsomehurst Woman's Club. There were no objections. Nobody had heard the reading of the minutes. For everybody was talking. "Silence please consent," said the president loudly. "The minutes will stand approved."—Chicago Tribune. Saved. "Superstition is a great thing," said the returned explorer. "Speaking from experience?" asked the close friend. "Yes, sir. Why, on the last voyage when we were just about to fashish every man discovered a rabbit's foot in his pocket and we had rabbit-foot soup." Desperate Case. Mr. Tonguewed (excitedly)—Go up to my house as quick as you can, doctor. My wife has tumbled down stairs. Doctor—Was it much of a fall? Mr. Tonguewed—Much of a fall! Why, man, she was knocked speechless!—New World. Taking No Chances. It was at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzimmons. The photographer had just taken a flashlike picture, and the room was full of smoke. "Let's go ahead, anyway," coughed Fitz from somewhere in the gloom. "Indeed, no!" said the bride, emphatically. "I want to see who I'm marrying!"—San Francisco Bulletin. For the Future. The Massachusetts Fish Commission has planted 80,000 lobsters. Race suicide is evidently a long way off.—Buffalo Courier.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. It was well known in staggering high society that the beautiful Lady Violet had never been kissed before; and as, after a long, languorous embrace, the athletic young Earl of Mountararat released his hold, she prized up in o his lovelorn eyes and asked: "And do the poor indulge in this way, cheri?" "Quite frequently, little one," the young earl replied. "Well, well, well! And do they experience the same sensations as we do, dear?" "Absolutely." "Fear, dear, dear! Why, it's MUCH too good for the working classes!"—Sporting Times. Two little girls were engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of their respective homes. "Well, anyway," said one little maiden in a triumphant tone, "you may have more bedrooms than we have, but we have more cream than you do. We have enough for our cereal every single morning." "Pooh!" said the other, "that's nothing. We own a Jersey cow, and we get a whole awful of cream twice every day."—Lippincott's. "Yes, doctor, Amos is pretty sick, and I don't think he can ever get well. But he's not at all reconciled. He doesn't want to die. But then, Amos always was a very conservative man."—Life. Patient—I am afraid I haven't money enough to take this treatment, doctor. Doctor (stiffly)—Very well, sir. But if you get well without it, don't blame me.—Life. Now, who would want a better obituary notice than the following, which a correspondent sends us from old Meriwether: He had no regrets. When he left for the sky, He paid all his debts. Fore he hulleder, "Good-by!"—Atlanta Constitution. "Tell me what you eat," says Brillat-Savarin, "and I will tell you what you are." That's easy. Anybody who can tell what he eats these days is a clairvoyant.—Detroit Free Press. Spellbinder—Yes, my friends, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; be on your guard; a word to the wise is sufficient. Voice from the audience: "Then you must take us for gold darn fools! You have been talking for an hour and a half!"—Kansas City Journal. "Our new crook seems very well contented out here in the country?" "She has lived in the country before." "How do you know?" "By the burrs on her tongue."—Chicago Record-Herald. Husband (losing all patience)—O, why are you forever bothering me for money in this way? Wife (coolly)—I suppose it's because I can't think of a better way.—Philadelphia Press. "You bet this is the last time I'm gonna visit Aunt Mary, not even if she invites me."—Chicago Daily Tribune. Pointed Paragraphs. He laughs best who sees the point of the joke first. Wisdom is the name some men apply to their self-conceit. It often happens that the silent partner has the most to say. As men grow wealthy they begin to inquire into their ancestry. Pride often lifts a man up by the handle attached to his name. Any man is unreasonable who expects a woman to be reasonable.—Chicago News. Tardy Justice. Upguardon—I know it's the custom to speak of Uncle Russell Sage as a man of parsimonious habits, because he isn't what would be called a good liver.—Atom—But he is. Hasn't he lived to be eighty-seven?—Chicago Tribune. Ahead of Mother. "My wife excels my mother in one culinary particular at least." "What's that?" "She makes five kinds of fudge."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The less you want to know people the more people want to know you.

MISS WRAGG'S SACRIFICE. We still call her a girl, though her years are forty-odd and she has been sewing for us for twenty. In this way she has become associated with every important event in our family history, as well as in our everyday life. She never made our very best dresses. Those were given out, so had to be treated with special reverence, and we never really enjoyed the use of them until they had been made over by Miss Wragg's nimble fingers. She loved to use up old materials, or to make down my sister's discarded garments for me, mine for the next in order. Everything might be at sixes and sevens, peace descended when Miss Wragg arrived. We just had to sit down and quietly sew with her during the precious week or two she had saved for us and let outside worries go their way. If the cook had been on the verge of leaving, we knew it was Miss Wragg who had talked her round when she had occasion to go into the kitchen to do a bit of ironing, telling her how hard good places were to obtain and how there was something to object to in every one of them. If our father lost his absentminded look at meals and actually seemed to have forgotten his business troubles for half an hour, we knew it was because he was interested in Miss Wragg's local gossip, though he would not have owned it for the world. Indeed, we all looked forward to her coming for that very reason. Living out of the way as we did, she gave us news of the whole countryside that could not otherwise have reached us. She knew every body's affairs—how could she help it! Sitting together day after day in the close intimacy engendered by a common desire to make the clothing befitting a two thousand a year income look like a ten thousand one, we ourselves told her far more of our private affairs than we did to either doctor or minister, and what we did not tell her she saw for herself. Yet we knew that we were entirely safe in her hands, judging by what she told us, or rather by what she did not tell of what went on in other houses. We never heard her say an ill-natured word of anybody, which was the more surprising as we learned for a fact that many of her customers would pay her the very last on their list of creditors. The fashionable dressmaker could not be put off as Miss Wragg could. If ever we asked the truth of some scandalous rumor she would explain it away with the essence of Christian charity, and once when we were sure that a damaging tale must be true and she could not disprove it, she quoted Burns at us: "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decided can try us, He knows each chord—its various tone, Each spring—its various bias; Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted." It was when she was assisting at my elder sister's trousseau that the subject turned naturally upon weddings, and I gently insinuated that I supposed every woman had a chance to marry some time or other. "Yes," replied Miss Wragg, and as her mouth was full of pins I excused her from further speech at the time, but pursued the subject when we were alone in a wily way that I knew would fetch her. "I'm awfully afraid I'm going to be an old maid, Miss Wragg." "You might do worse." "You are not sorry you have never married?" "Not a bit. The man I was engaged to turned out far too good for me." "Who was he? Anybody I know?" "You know him well enough." "Oh, do tell me, Miss Wragg. I am just dying of curiosity." "You will never breathe a word of it." "Never where it will be known who you are." "Then I feel like telling you. It is many a long year since I spoke of it to a soul, but my experience may help you to bear your own lot better, whatever it may turn out to be. I was engaged to George when I was seventeen and he was twenty-one. He was a blacksmith by trade and I was a dressmaker's apprentice, so that, if anything, my position was better than his and he was always proud of my dainty ladylike hands." "They are pretty yet." "My work has not been the kind to roughen them. I had much admiration for his brawny muscles. Yes; George and I were very fond of one another. He was a fine young man, fine-looking, too, with a big, sonorous voice that filled the chapel when he spoke in meeting." "He was a lay preacher?" "Not at first, but he had a natural gift for speaking, and a rich man who heard him by chance at camp meeting offered to send him to college." "I cannot go, Katy," he said to me. "I have no money." "But your schooling is to be paid." "That is only part of it. There's mother and Bessie. Who'll work for them when I'm gone?" "I will." I meant it and kept my word, thought at first George was loath to receive anything from me. "Whatever is yours is mine," I told him, and whatever is mine is yours. I'll be proud to be the wife of a scholar and all the prouder if I have helped ever so little to make him one." "He yielded at last, saying he would pay all back to me once he was through college." "And did he?" "That is neither here nor there. He

